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ANATOMY OF BREATH

By

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Bachelor of Fine Arts, State University of New York at Potsdam, Potsdam, NY, 2016

Thesis

presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of

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in Creative Writing

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ANATOMY OF BREATH

MELISSA PHELAN

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PART 1

[tulips growing out of the shoulders]
stems pricked right in
where first hair is made
into trees and the shadow
of those trees on her face
then her face/body is painted
into a scene and the shadows
of birds/trunks stripe over
her so there is a double
image made of shadow
and light and her face
is hidden but you
could find it and would
gasp when you did her
face green and the rest
of her blue the trees
like birch trees or more like aspen
laying on her
side her hair out in
profile looking
left at the first

Friday:

Slow, slow wake up.

Tulips growing out of the shoulders

stems pricked right in

warm against the inside shoulder joint—heartbeat

snuggles, warmth. Warmth that feeds the air

no way to web this all with words. Would need a literal piling of physical letters to mold the shapes
—tiny black movement time-lapsed to sculpture

now, a pressure in my lower back

hunger in my front between my rib cage and pelvis

what plan for the epic

go to the art museum on Monday

write today, transfer tomorrow/Monday

read lit today

babysit today

hope this turns into a poem for workshop on Tuesday. Or the art poem does.

Ninja

how is watching someone play video games fun. Literally never thought I'd enjoy that. Anything attached to Abe I like. Except tech stuff. Really except drone stuff.

From notebook:

Today is Epic day.

I'm afraid of being left alone w/ / transcribing all my thoughts today. I feel like this would be much easier in a city b/c — woman running, so awkward looking, cars around traffic circle — you couldn't be so left alone w/ your thoughts as here. You could stay outside yourself more easily. I started recording and that felt too intimate, too invasive. I'm pretty sure my hand's gonna fall off — Joanne — if I do this all day longhand. But I hate the impersonal/coldness of a computer. Also, I want to finish this notebook by the end of the semester an epic feels like a great way to get there. Changing the way I hold the pen so maybe my hand won't hurt so much. These moleskine pens — (bandages 4 hiking) — are really made for writing, they fit so nicely in your hand. Well Bernadette Mayer started w/ dreams so maybe I should too but I don't remember any. I don't want to do this all day. I want to relax. Laundry (fold).

OK, new plan: write something every hour so I don't go crazy trying to record literally everything and also I get to relax.

This hour it was wake up (see computer notes), breakfast, quiet, heater turned on, Abe asking where I went/what I'm doing, telling him re: epic, him saying but it's the weekend and they can't expect out of me, better idea of writing in intervals throughout the day. Do I really want to be a speech pathologist or am I enamored with the illusion of stability? This coming out of definitely not wanting to do writing as a job because even this pressure of having to write all day is making it sour. I don't like having to do things. What a 1st world problem. What I want to do today is (I also opened the blinds this morning) unhinge wire hangers and make some art out of that.

Can I epically in sound bites? Curious use of plural — our — these damn fruit flies a n d
how the epic doesn't belong to us collectively. What a powerful conjugation, 1st person plural. This wouldn't be so hard if I didn't know I was sharing it. How can I both share every thought that crosses my mind AND keep back those things I don't want to share. All that this epic is going to be

held for Tony (& Soela). Ever just want to shake people/the world and see what knocks loose?
 EW just smooshed a fruit fly with the tip of my pen. Why are they so stupid now I have bug guts.
 I moved them to a leaf of my spider plant. That feels almost like a burial.
 Last night I used rubbing alcohol to wipe mold off the outside of my plant pots tell me how mold
 can grow on the OUTSIDE of a pot. What am I doing wrong? <—and this question is the
 one I ask myself on the daily
 enough for now. It's still the damn weekend & I have clean hair.

I mean, if you count yesterday's stuff I'm off to a good start. There's no time to make good art. To
 the level I want. I'm picturing a multimedia immersive experience for this epic.
 What the fuck with the Merriam-Frontier am I supposed to do. Literally can't win but how much do
 I try anyway. Again, 1st world.
 Whenever things get difficult I want to run away.

Gray yarn for Erin's herringbone scarf

Example: I was looking for commiseration about how unfair the world is, not for an analysis of why
 what I think is wrong. This is an example of when our communication styles/types of
 communication don't line up. (in other words, I fucking miss talking w/ Lucia.)

Also, last time you were just very rude to me when you're tired and that was the problem, not this
 ridiculous thing you said about me always being right & you wrong & now we can move on because
 “last time” (the time you were rude) it was a huge thing & you want to avoid that. Wrong tactic.
 Actually resolving the issue/feeling is the way we resolve a problem, not by acting annoyed that it's a
 problem & then completely dismissing any validity of the feeling/thought behind why it's an issue.
 End of story: we have very different wishes for communication. I want someone to commiserate/
 bond with, you want someone to discuss with.

Side note: I've just noticed that there's mold growing on the outside of our plant pots??? What??
 And I can't even talk to him about it right now because he's playing that game & gets quite annoyed
 if I interrupt him (though he seems to love interrupting me when I'm not paying attention to him,
 doing work *eye roll*)

I guess that makes tomorrow the day of my epic? Or Monday.

I do want desperately to finish this notebook before the end/around the end of this semester. Perhaps
 I really should write my epic here and then talk—>text it later. Sitting in front of my computer all
 day sounds terrible. Also, should definitely audio-record the whole day or at least the conversation,
 though I think the whole day would actually be amazing. That's truly epic length/coolness.

Thinking re: going to TJ Max/elsewhere get somehow things because it's driving me crazy to have
 bare walls and very little cozy. I'm glad that Abe's not more into that than I am but damn sometimes
 I think it would be nice to have some help.

Definitely record the whole day and then spend sun-mon transcribing.

That means I need to finish my lit hw today.

Maybe some more plates. Maybe some more spoons – we always seem to run out of spoons 1st.

I've caught 4 fruit-fly-esque creatures in my sugar water + soap trap.

I want to write/make something beautiful.

I heard that beauty makes you happier.

I need female contact. It's seriously not the same to be talking with a boy all the time. So here for listening to Ari cry or whatever she needs. I miss having that kind of connection/conversation.

vote.org type in your address to see where you vote

Teaching my child had a right, had to be, had to except or into your soul – not sure this one needs to be taught as much as guarded from the world that wants to take it away.

200 W Broadway St.

open 8-5

only 3 days left to vote early

damn planes fly low here

literally the belly of the plant

Michael's: yarn, 25% off coupon

Walmart: plates (big & small), possibly more silverware? (should I not get this now b/c we really don't need it or will I feel more settled once we never run out of silverware)

<—this seems like a reverberating thought. "I'm not happy, so will fixing this one thing be the key?" Probably not. And, I don't have the money to throw @ these things anyway.

I like sitting w/ my back to him when I'm grumpy. What a small way to feel vindicated, if that's even the right word.

Today:

—vote (fuck Trump & his fear mongering to hold Congress)

—some cute house things to make me feel better:

M—yarn?

W/thrift—functionals like:

—basket for laundry supplies

—silverware?? plates?

M—big watercolor paper/big paper for impromptu art for these bare walls

Ace?—wire? (for wire crafts?)

HD—materials for the damn dining room table!! many months in the non-making

—lamp! for the office or living room —> I hate the nice ones are so expensive though. —> maybe a table lamp for the living room now. The floor lamp didn't look great there anyway.

Maybe the smell that's been bothering me at this desk is the mold I've just noticed growing on the outsides of these pots. I knew something smelled wrong.

How to solder wire together so that I can use all these old hangers for something.

So many things I want to do/learn in this lifetime and sad to think I probably won't get to everything.

Another week to work on Merriam–Frontier and I'm annoyed, not totally surprised, & a tiny bit dismayed b/c I don't know how much better I can do with what I've got and now there will be more/better competition (not that I really have any chance of winning anyway).

I do think I should include sketches here. I do think I should write more (often) here.
 =(How gloomy today!

Independence	vs.	social group
Abe	vs.	me

Bring to vote (just in case):
 —photo ID
 —bill proving address

I fucking love Neruda. A million thousand thanks to Stephanie for bringing him to me.
 Curbs painted yellow the whole world of silence signs we accumulate over a lifetime
 The beauty/necessity/privilege of time just spent sitting, writing. It will never get done otherwise & that's why sometimes I worry what will become of me if/when we have kids. The utter necessity of modeling for them the life/ways of being you want for them up against the overwhelming drive to give them all of yourself. Balancing that. I think it's rather convenient that I love reading and writing so much that I can model a love for them with complete enthusiasm/truth. I have wonderful would it be if I was able to pass that love on or even if we could just sit together, reading or writing. rain out the window, the small sounds. The question of a dream deferred for your children that being passed down, too – of no one ever actually achieving that dream. My dream is to be an artist (of words & visuals) and to be well regarded on a larger scale for that. I'm also afraid of that dream – just about as afraid of it as how much I want it – and that it'll never happen. I don't know how to be an excellent artist AND an excellent mother. And I know I can't figure that out now but I also know that I can't give up either one of those things.
 I had this experience a little while ago where there was a day or two where I absolutely felt that I was pregnant. It was the strangest thing. There was none of the normal fear that usually accompanies that thought, just utter acceptance/knowledge that this was truth, was real. So much so that I had automatic reaction of referring to myself in my mind as "we," and feeling like when I cursed that crap, maybe I shouldn't do that with a baby inside me. And then the immediate startling afterward that I had 100% naturally/ easily had that honest thought. I just knew. And then in a day or two I knew that I wasn't pregnant. And I really wonder if what all that was was actually having an egg be fertilized and begin to divide/grow, then failing to implant and dying. It was the strangest thing, the certainty. And the other certainty without any of the usual anxiety because it was just acceptance that the feeling was completely real. I haven't told anybody about that whole experience yet. I thought it would freak Abe out too much. But I really want to talk about it with someone.
 waves of wind/rain—storm moving across?
 feels like home
 I guess I've just been so insanely busy that I forgot that whole thing happened. But now I want to talk about it. And I don't think that first conversation should be with Abe.

Anywhere: —paper

—bananas

(—voting)

Saturday:

I am allowed to do whatever I want. If I want to edit this, I absolutely can.

I have no interest in the SIMS except building cool houses. And sometimes having babies. So, basically, my actual interests in life.

I now have black electric tape over my webcam so no one can look at me. Am I paranoid or just cautious/cynical?

A couple hours of SIMS later...I'm building a summer cottage on the private island that my palace will be on. These things make me happy.

I like redoing the outside of the houses better than the interior design of the inside. I feel incompetent when I'm doing the inside.

I don't want to do any work. Or and housework. Or anything but chilling out. And I think I'm allowed to do that but it's weird. Lucia asked me yesterday how I felt about the pregnancy day thing and I didn't have an answer for her besides weird.

Snapshot from this moment:

just ate a burrito and a pack of Annie's fruit snacks. the dishwasher was running while I was making my burrito (the burrito itself was a little bubbled, a little pushed up. I pushed it down into the plate to flatten it). now the dishwasher has stopped. while I was eating Abe was sitting across the table from me talking with his dad about money and where to put it. once he's finished talking I'll ask what his parents said. I like being in the loop. "his son designs drones for the military." wondering about the moral implications of recording him without telling him I'm recording. but after eating my burrito I decided to sit on the couch and eat my Annie's while Abe paced around the apartment talking. the light is so much nicer in here now that the leaves have all fallen off the trees. it reaches all the way in to our dining room table. it makes a big difference. light is equivalent to happiness/peace. which sounds like an aphorism and maybe it is. but it's also true. I don't actually know what an aphorism is. I have still only killed 4 fruit flies with my trap. I do love his voice. I think it's the most comforting thing. so many feelings bouncing around in here, I really just want to let them all lay down and inject some joy into my body. last night we laughed a lot and I realized that I haven't laughed in a long time. I was tired drunk and there was a moment of happiness and I needed that. there's really nothing seriously wrong, I'm just not very happy because I don't have time to do things that make me happy and I also don't have time to really soak in/enjoy the things I do like that I'm doing.

part of me wants to not do any more grad school after the MFA. like just go about my life and see if I can make something work. I don't want to do more years of school if I don't have to. I want to be able to build up a bank account, have some freedom, and not be leaving a ton behind when I want to have babies. like what if I could make money selling art. I just don't even know if that's possible/viable way to live. and I don't think I'll ever know because I'm not sure I'll ever make that leap. the

leap is terrifying when the implications are that I'm dragging us down, that I make having kids financially impossible to do responsibly. Life would certainly be easier if i didn't want to have kids but I just can't put that aside.

it might be interesting for this epic to have my words interspersed with Abe's. such different diction, subject matter. he's so external in the sense that his work doesn't take place on the inside. every part of him is aiming at something external—making money, getting better at Fortnite in a bid to make money...he is so clear, so focused. I feel like I'm winding around, spooling through a maze or around sidewalks or something more specific. I feel like it's important for me to reignite my imagination. it feels dead. and I think that's because I've been so very very focused on the pragmatics and where I think I'm going and it's killing my joy. Lol Stacy's gonna have to read all this. Sorry Stacy. I'm so uncomfortable with this level of intimacy. My poems are always guardedly vulnerable—vulnerable smoked out. I'm not in the radical honesty territory. Now I guess I am though. This will never see the light of day outside this workshop. Not unedited anyway. Resistance—this seems like a rich area to probe. I think of rubber, I think of pulling back. how many hours do we spend on the phone with our families. how much work is put into up keeping relationships. this is why new friendships are utterly exhausting. I don't do half-assed friendships. I'm either absolutely dedicated to you FOR LIFE or we're not close friends. I don't do the middle ground. Middle ground is transient. I wonder if the recording is picking up my typing sound, if it's picking up his dad's voice on the other end of the phone. If we're close friends I'm a 24/7 support line, will travel across the country if you need me, will do literally whatever you need. I can't do that for people who can't reciprocate that. And not just reciprocation, it's not about that. It's about the community. I need to be able to absolutely lose my shit in front of you and vice versa. Funny how apple names recordings by location. O'Leary St 1, O'Leary St 2, O'Leary St 3. enough explaining why I don't have close friends here. I know why. I want them, I just don't know how to go about building a bond like that with someone. My people are the ones I've brought with me through the best and worst moments of my life. I don't know how to start from zero.

anyway. what a mess. not a fan of word vomit. even though that's the way I write best.

I just don't like Stevens. And I vehemently disagree that he's the best poet of the 20th century...It's so flat, so removed from vibrant energy that is the thing I love most about poetics. He says that poets don't have any social or political or moral obligations in their work but I think that's an extraordinarily privileged view. Because what that means, to me, is that this writer is not encountering any social, political, or moral issues that impact him greatly. If he did, he would write about them. So, I just can't stand to sit and read a privileged, highly canonized, white man's words when I could be reading something written by literally anyone else that actually deserves my time. Stevens has more than had his time. And yes, the snowman is a very pretty poem. But if I need a pretty poem I can find one written by someone that's not an overrated white dude. Thank you and goodnight. Also, coming from H.D.'s *Trilogy* to Stevens is just not the jump I want to make.

Anyway, to go back to today. moving backwards through time from now...sitting on a couch in an apartment that is not mine with two kitties and a sleeping baby and getting paid \$25/hour to do so. Really doesn't get any better than this. One cat who has persistently ignored me for the past two months made quite aggressive snuggle requests and that's surprising. And meowed in my face. and

then before that, it's always nice to be in a home "after hours" it's such a more intimate space than in the daytime. There's something about how the light changes it, makes it cozier. and also the parents are always so much more relaxed when they're about to go out on a date night. I like seeing that. It gives me hope that regardless of how adult life can go you can still find a way to reconnect and enjoy life. Also, I hope to god that I can be near our families/friends when we have kids so that I don't have to pay someone to sit on my couch lol. Also seriously don't think I'd ever want a stranger in my home. Really not sure how all these people feel ok with it.

The cats here like to tear at the carpet beneath the tables here and I just keep thinking about whoever the next tenant will be and wondering if they'll notice/mind.

Anyway, going back.

Actually, let's include text messages because that's interruption too.

Ari Sunderland:

I guess not. I asked my friend about that and he said it's possible it was missed even though I think I asked the doc who did the procedure about it (can't totally remember as I was a little out of it afterwards)

Lucia Forester:

Is there a name for what you think it is?

Ari Sunderland:

Yeah it's a rectal prolapse

Lucia Forester:

Googling...

Melissa Phelan:

HOLY MOLY. Ari. that sounds AWFUL

Lucia Forester:

Text search only, no images please 🙄

And separately:

Melissa Phelan:

I hope you get a good nap on the way home. And so glad you're building up a network at home. I'm consistently so impressed by your work ethic. I feel like if I moved home I'd take a good month or two and just do nothing but snuggle puppies lol

Lucia Forester:



Some of it is work ethic but a lot of it is necessity
I don't feel settled or fully me/happy if I'm not dancing

Melissa Phelan:

oh that makes so much sense. I literally didn't realize till now that you can't just dance by yourself and have it be the same. duh! 🙄

Lucia Forester:

Haha definitely not
It's like if someone took away your books and told you to only read what you were writing

Melissa Phelan:

lollll noooooo
that would be such crap

Lucia Forester:



So anyway. Before coming in to this apartment sitting in the car for four or five or six minutes (but no more or less) and just being quiet. And how nice if that, to sit in the quiet, with literally nothing to do, the dark, watching people walk to their cars. There isn't much time (if any) in the way our lives are that allow us to just sit and be. I think that's really important, but also I don't feel like I have time for that. Which is kind of ridiculous, because sometimes it feels like life's passing by and I'm only attending to a small part of it. But it's so easy to be tired and not want to pay attention.

And before that. a bike ride while Abe ran. Moving the tires around and breaking at each turn in the sidewalk. wondering why they make everything at right angles and then realizing that I'm not supposed to be biking on the sidewalk anyway. What weird suburbia. What weird Halloween decorations. So interesting how neighbor dependent it is. If one house goes all out the houses all around them are markedly more decorated than those farther away. Like sound waves. And some of them making it look like skeletons are climbing over their fence, into their windows, onto their roof. Why does that bring joy to anyone. Why do you have so many plastic skeletons. I don't like when they hang them from a noose in a tree. Biking under them feels pushed down, like the air compresses and I need to duck.

Damn we live in a pretty place. At the edge of suburbia the valley just opens like a book or a breath or something cooler and space just barrels away till it hits the edges of the giant valley. I'm always surprised by how big the valleys are here. Sometimes it's just too pretty and I'm sad that we'll have to leave. There's really nothing like this that I've ever seen in the northeast and that makes me sad. But we can't stay here.

Going back even further, there was a great afternoon pre-bike/run sex that I cant/want to talk about here but it'll have to be redacted because that's way, way too honest.

me bringing a pack of fruit snacks in my pocket on the bike ride, riding with one hand ungloved so I could get snacks as we went—best idea. but Abe before we left saying I better not crash because of the gummies. and I love moments like that because I see that he really does worry about losing me, that I am absolutely precious to him. He will never be a person that does silly romantic things, he's much too serious for that. he also doesn't do things 50% of the way. it's either ridiculous, perfect, or not at all. Which is just how he approaches life. I've been thinking a lot about marriage lately and am so unsettled about the history behind the institution and the finality of it (in my mind). I want us to be something to each other legally but everything else...I don't know. I have such a duality in me where I want to please everyone/the world/the norms and do the thing that everyone likes to see. But then the other part of me doesn't want to do it just because it's what's expected. Also I don't like that it's so final. Even though I'm literally not at all interested in being with anyone else, ever, I feel like if we get married it'll all fall apart. Which is a little ridiculous because if it hasn't fallen apart in the past TEN YEARS we've been together I don't see how marrying will change anything at all except our legal status. Especially since we've made the crazy life transition between children and adults together. If we can love each other through total transformations of self I don't see why we would quit ever. And I feel like people will finally take us actually seriously if we're married. Which is a gripe I have with society because no, he's not my boyfriend. That's a ridiculously light term. And

“partner” is just not respected here. Maybe it’s the conservatism, but as soon as people find out that he’s a he they switch back to boyfriend even though I introduce him as partner.

I’m not sure I’ll like wearing a wedding ring. I don’t wear jewelry. He might be right that I won’t like having a big stone engagement ring, that something flat might be better. I’m just glad I don’t have to make that choice. And I know he’ll do an excellent job. He doesn’t do anything poorly.

Wow, this has really digressed from my epic day.

Now I have a cat sitting next to me and that’s a good thing. Maybe we should get a cat. if only Queenie/Murphy wouldn’t kill a cat then we could totally get one. But I don’t want a cat; I want a dog.

This will be my epic weekend because I’m not writing enough in one day to do a one day epic. Also I’m entirely resistant to people telling me to do things that I don’t want to do so I’m rewriting the assignment so I can be back in control. That’s what it all comes down to. Thank god I decided on typing this all first hand. What I mean is my hand would be on the ground and I would have not nearly this much material if I was doing longhand like I like. It’s ok if the notebook doesn’t get filled up. This is all crap anyway.

Earlier:

Meanwhile in NY:

Dad:

Any luck with the computer?

Melissa Phelan:

Yeah it seems to have worked

Dad:

👍 phew, thank goodness!

Erin:

Just a casual snowy morning in western ny

Dad:

Lovely! Time to get the Skidoo tuned up!



Fredrik:

No skijunk here, Yamaha only 😂



Mom:



Snuggle time...

I'm excited to transcribe Abe's bits. That will add some interesting flavor to this. Not sure if it'll transcribe itself though.

Oh my god. I just started listening to the parts I recorded. I fucking love his voice. I have an actual, physiological reaction. I fucking love it. My heart rate picks up, I have that blooming tightness that's all tingly (which I take to be adrenaline moving through my chest). There's no way to write about this without it being trite. I can't convince you. Except to say that there's something precious in the people you love that can't be pulled out of you. My life would be gaping without him in it. I would still be me, but his love pushes me up. I wouldn't have the courage to do the things I do if I didn't have this unwavering support. Maybe I'd find the courage elsewhere. But knowing that I am so deeply loved does something to me. It smooths something.

I think I'll transcribe all that on Monday so I'll get to hear his voice for a while while he's away at work. Also I don't want to have to tell him I recorded him without him knowing. I don't like that I did that. I'll tell him, I just don't want him to have to hear it.

I said my first word when I was nine months old. I know that's true because my mom's a speech pathologist. For the record, the normal age for a first word to emerge is one year old, twelve months. My first word was uh-oh, then dada, then mama.

How me and Lucia trade off who answers/empathizes with Ari without having to talk about it. I can't really get into the whole mess of feelings about how far away I am from her right now. I'm just so lucky to have found such an incredible human to be my soul mate. That's an actual soulmate—her soul and mine know each other more deeply than I thought another human could. The combination of her, Abe, and Erin in my life is an actual trifecta of everything I could ever need in human interaction. That's why I don't have friends. Also, the utterly bottomless love of my parents is this glow I can't (and don't want to) get out of. I'm not sure how I got so lucky.

Seriously, enough of this writing. Go do something fun and eat because you're starving. What a weird human I am to be hungry and ignore it. Let me rephrase: what a weird animal.

Abe:

Give it a candy and I already's no civil wrong I don't know if I should even persevere because of Artie put \$6500 between mine and Melissa's room so 620% this year because I did not gonna make so I guess the way we were thinking about monies not the only reason I your fart fine... Like emergency the only reason I take now be like so we were thinking versus the money and Ross because you can't take it out but when you so when you when you have a simple Aire's right so it's not a rush how's that there's enough for him well I log into my account three W. whatever this is for a 1K but the way that I have I have website Bridget so she said the way that money in either to take a certain percentage every paycheck for which they defaulted to my favor say aye I put a zero 3% zero and then she said well if you want to like put in a long song in the way you just for like one or two paychecks to specify a large percent two patients so that's I guess we'll life sign see Play I just have to read them

Black so using a building are you still the couple small drops like what covers for the program at the University and they look buggies do you know what what it what would be like if we had you don't ask we as you don't ask and he said he could do it actually going to go ahead and start building your interest from other people like a good solution it's not Chinese so I'm gonna go check it out for these costs hey as for the Wi-Fi is it all sounded good from University call me out let me know I hate thought you should now Justin she's basically not do you go for us because now the contract issues sounds like Sotoh say you're on the thousand dollars and something from Ellie Morelane hear from Delia something is wrong that's the problem recovery survive usually it's basically Sunnyvale is dry and there's not like real tears now real text no so they've been dating building flight control systems for 15 years the weather for this I was down there for the training by other people that was there for the training for one of their garage like six years smaller version of what we have now but they make a weber 15 favorite 35 different size version and I asked him why he so have a proved for yours we got six years ago we got six years ago so the trainer from their company tell me it is what it is like I was sick this is Hughes you're right now that you get away with that because there's really it's not a company besides there's no American products so they can get away with selling these things yeah it's really is crazy because I started looking at like the stuff you can fine line still your own drums and there's like better stuff out there just for now Allonzo something myself but they're not using because I don't did any of the effort so I need to talk to David drunk because I Vesters obviously how are you on my job sucks because I'm not sure how this program yes yeah that's what mom said he is very

expensive and I don't have 200,000 bucks it's the drone is that success is wrong like 6000 but the water systems very expensive resorted to do that because I borrowed one of the universities drones to go re-calibrate water system after the crash and so I like three visit a bracket to attach it to attach our line art everyone is clear around the cemetery having the Glassell at work yet work just fine for very long favorite is fine he knows we did is the idea that the universe is trying to go fly some of the cemetery but he's like I don't want country with good idea particular drone is it's probably not a good idea for like work because it is heavier than the dress for stealing Carey's like yeah don't forget to have actually use it there's like a visa version of that from this guy in Texas makes DJI cost like \$30,000 Christmas Chris knows about that but he's not ready from \$30,000 yes told him like basically were event worry about whether we can dramas I just don't think he's up this is for the truck freaky there something yes he wants to get it it's just and wanted me to say forget it I'll just pay for less circles do you know week the reason they got stress that Vegas is too windy up there should've asked for your giant obviously I guess for trying to be cautious locked out of finance Freddy's cemetery things because we have to drive it places the trailer Chris was like I don't think it's worth structure for days the same for expenses that have guys out there normally do is survive the situations where you are basically anywhere within like a days maybe 2 Days Dr. Here and asked to be relatively simple to rain and it's just not something it's mushroom jobs like that for us this thing was they get watered it is difficult to rain yeah so well the biggest one is like part of the interior which is like Cinderella bureaucracy that is in charge of your land management and left it for service so what does the four service themselves says use straws on their stuff so actually even though the VOM says we can use these actually use the little DJ we did do that really the only people that we can use a DJ the viola and Adela how much work we do for those people either direct directly but it is the Chris thing says enough where it's too much of a rest from DJI you know I think his staff cloud reader have to get enough of that the straw for which ion him what's the 54 Seether like this thing can't do you safe cost well wasn't it wasn't me I think he is due diligence and researching lidar the draw but would you look at all the sexual stuff say ask people for favors with his AutoZone for you just you if you really see the first favors for this AutoZone for you just you if you really see the first and they did you know they flew out to LA I'll swing down of the day for the flu a cemetery with Leiora but the thing is like yeah Chris does and I was looking is not isn't know about that so is he is nowhere for him to tell if it's good or bad is nothing to compare to experience so I think you said because they suck we have available Jesus yes yeah it is pretty good actually really help also the reason why this particular line are you so we can scam so we use it are usually but the real value comes from the I mean I think it's I just sent this certify because like to see it basic features does he have the office weird you're so tell you like how much power is using versus how much power of Melbourne and just decrease rain recently found some of the mess give me the company calls from Yoncha asking that but the real issue lies with friend hardware because that's all songs first and they like Fry's and what's even worse is his so the drone has like a sister which is like the rain is on

Process already trying to say I'm not trying to be rich yes twice I know you guys actually don't know is that my mom and I got married very young age for years to have my sister and I mom said the moment she stopped trying trying month we're trying to have a baby with what you say when you process is so detrimental to how you actually live out your life there's a verse that says our really believe that dies the way I talk John yourself into a cello

is the night they'll have Christian yeah me too I have here I know I have the Nexus as in like boy Sam about your money and your mom she's like over a certain age now for the end of year's anyway

we could do it is if I basically tell her entire paycheck hey guys find out that she's free freight what it is I don't understand what he why would you want to put the money there because it's a good like she gets a guaranteed 4% now who is the state taxes since like the all together it's like 11% thanks so is so he wants to do it but the way you do it is it is his investments right now to give her money to do things around saying basically paycheck the shoes he can't really sell the stocks he wants to sell do that because the Merlot right now Ray you said maybe other people Angela get everybody on zoom well maybe at least collective yeah this thing is not what you say with her

Dream yesterday:

Melissa Phelan:

I had a dream we were in France and you were riding Gilly through these nice old vineyards and all these crazy French people couldn't control their horses 🤔👉

Erin:

Lol I mean that's not something I would be mad about happening in real life
Like I would buy Gilly if I had the money and time and he was for sale
lol

Melissa Phelan:

Yeah I was sad it was a dream, it was so nice. And who knows, maybe someday he will be for sale and you'll be a rich doctor...

Erin:

He'll be old as hell by then and I doubt Kristy would ever sell him

Melissa Phelan:



Erin:

It's okay I'll live

Melissa Phelan:

It's still sad though

Also mommy and daddy were with us and mommy always had to pee and daddy didn't want to follow our tour guide's directions so he went and got Gilly for you 🤔👉

Erin:

Lol you're nuts

Melissa Phelan:

I know right

Melissa Phelan:

I had a dream (I already told Erin) that we were all in France and mommy you had to pee all the time and daddy you didn't want to follow our tour guide's directions so you went and got Gilly for Erin and then she rode around an old vineyard 🤔👉

Mom:

Wow! There's some deep meaning in there.. and material for poem? Does this mean you got deeper sleep or just have us on your mind?

Melissa Phelan:

I think it just means I miss you guys and also I was woken up in the middle of a dream cycle because I had to pee

Mom:

Awww.. you had to pee too! 😂

Melissa Phelan:



Dad:

My odd dream was I'd be butchering venison this PM; instead I had to invoke Rule #3 - don't shoot anything smaller than King 🙄

Melissa Phelan:



Lol

Dream today:
Dream

Wedding pictures where first her hair was made into trees and the shadow of those trees on her face

Then her face/body was painted into a scene and the shadows of shapes/a scene striped over her so there was a double image/scene made of shadow and light and her face was hidden within that but you could find it and would gasp when you did. Her face was green and the rest of her blue in the scene. The trees were like birch trees or more like aspen. I've never seen anything so stunning. She was laying on her side for the second one with her hair out behind her and was in profile looking left for the first one. What an incredible wedding photographer. also the bird shadows

And totally different dream that led into that one that then led into me being pulled up through the dream like I got tangled in a bowline and then was yanked up from the deep. There was a skating rink that I was on the outside of. And also a restaurant where I asked Emma if she had worked Saturday and had seen the people I was babysitting for at Scotty's table. And then also I was supposed to be going to Europe and was so very disorganized that I hadn't bought a plane ticket and hour before I was supposed to leave, much less packed or anything. So I called Erin and we decided I just shouldn't go. And I ran into Ari with Squatface at a dessert bar where they were on line to ask if she was still going to Europe and she wasn't. And before that being at Ana Peterson's house near a carved pumpkin and her asking how I could afford to do all this traveling when I was barely making ends meet. And Leda Fitzpatrick was on a military boat somewhere.

And well before that a house with a baby whose mother was nowhere so I was putting her to sleep. And this monster black lion/cat who was little but grew gigantic and trying to be assertive/strong enough to force it out of the room where I was with the baby. Then Abe showing up and we weren't supposed to have sleepovers but he decided the baby needed a bath so he helped me and me thinking he will be such an incredible dad. And somehow we didn't know the baby's sex so we were going to look to find out before it was announced but I knew she was a girl so I didn't look but then her mom said she was a boy and was counting blue cups to be sure. She said she knew it when she saw how many more blue cups there were. And in the middle of that Abe helping me install complicated French doors on the room where I was with the baby so the lion monster couldn't get back in. And there were a million big latches/hooks along the side instead of hinges and there were so loud when they clicked into place I was worried about them waking the baby. She was pretty little and still in my arms. And the latches not working properly so the bottom of the door wouldn't click in or close. At least it was some little protection. And then that dream ended after the cups.

Recent search history might be an interesting addition to the epic. Too bad I always search on a private browser.

Vidalia onion

Curry health center hours

I've been having this shooting pain from my armpit down the side of my right breast and when I told Abe last night he got very worried and said I need to go see someone. That I need to make sure it's not breast cancer. And I know he's just that worried because it's me, but I'm freaked out now because he's so steady and unfazed normally that it makes it seem like a bigger deal than I think it should be.

Tjmaxx for picture frames

Change Michael's address online so I get coupons ✓

Watercolor paper for art

YCWA thrift for baskets (laundry, blankets, exercise stuff)

I feel like recording these dreams is helping me reactivate my imagination and that feels good. I'm glad to know that it still exists somewhere in me even if I don't remember it when I wake up.

And I certainly don't mean to say there's a lack of craft here, just that it feels so much better to read this. I feel so much closer to the writers [riders] as humans. If poetry is the graph of the mind moving this kind of work lets me see that graph so much more clearly. And I love that. I am becoming more suspicious of overly crafted poems [palms] and how they might not be as true as these journal poems are.

PART 2

Three Mornings

1.

This swollen face and the small
guilt that curtains blue

curtains spread thin
the light

The chair with the blanket
drying

yogurt crusts
in the sink—

how much fog has this
place taken from me

2.

My uterus leaking
the crust the warmth

My morning, second
day hair the slow ramping

hunger tongue overflowing
 sticky
 compost
bucket air soaked & cloying

3.

Half awake—how does awareness come to us
 Half of me floated out

in sleep and now this lack
 The same water

glass as yesterday:
 drink some settled dust—

my own or his own
 skin cells
 The space around me backs
 off as I move into it the hairs

on my reaching
 arms

anatomy of breath

cloth diapers fold in the tabs so velcro doesn't stick to everything I'm wondering if anxiety would cease to exist. spider plant is dying and I don't know why, cd disks [redundant?] hanging from a tree fruit birthday card with sprinkles on the cover. what's in sprinkles if not sugar then tar. purple. book bag bag of books. intake appointment what are you taking in line breaks don't exist to me anymore cooler sitting at the base of two chairs dirty hinges how do you backpack with a baby trim from the week the anti-paint splotches on the window. I guess those are called paint chips where am I going to end up in life but I do like the finality of line breaks. something secure in that space. when everything runs together it does just that and I can't think how the fronds of the ponytail palm are and I wish I could. one page and one life. strike that, I hate it. is hate a strong word if you feel it breeding in you. personal goals. stack of books. what's the graph of the mind moving if the mind is too busy to sit still. how can we track it. ever. four minutes left and can I write in those minutes or am I too busy watching the monitor to make sure the baby's not dead. why does that thought always persist. fear is resistance how did I do this well once. did I ever.

Self-portrait oil on wood 3'x4'

leaning in pink gaping thighs
 the sides of my mouth dry gummed up
 smell of morning skin

the tops of my shoulders cold leaking down
 the outside of my arm i'm
 working on releasing

my boundaries
 around pain between knuckles
 deep gradated bloom spreads

[why do people hate it]
 because it's hard
 but isn't it kind of easy also

manifesto here defined as

so he thinks that all poetry is
 completely incomprehensible
 all of it

a public declaration of policy
 and aims, especially one issued
 before an election by a political
 party

she's like so what does the grass
 mean it's literally just grass
 it's just grass

my aims are to stop to fill in
 the gaps (as in between toes)

when you progress in educa-
 tion you train your brain in
 one field

and all that is to say that my
 aim is to stay sane

my math brain went numb
 [years ago]

a convergence

he is my calculator

i don't have a policy except to
 do what feels authentic/neces-
 sary and to hopefully disrupt in
 that process

physics is particularly bold
 though

i'm relying on a gut feeling/in-
 tuition & tinkering till it feels
 right

so why do we think poetry's
 useful i think it's very useful

my two principles

it's like a grocery store for ants

follow the fear

hi is this all for you today
no i'm also gonna get two

which is to say follow the
sounds of indigestion

sorry i'm just doing some math
in my head real quick
can i get change for this

thick paint i want there
to be a frenetic energy about
them like you're
watching movement in paint
watching energy unfold

you said no room
no room yeah

accept the things we don't un-
derstand as equally valuable to
the things we do

does anyone want to carry it
because i can't carry it

stop demanding an answer to
where the thread began/came
from

i mean i do think people are
holding on to poetry

allow those things we don't un-
derstand to wash us

i don't want to show them po-
ems ever because the look on
their face

that poetry is in everything lit-
erally everything

relevant it's definitely
 relevant because it
 wouldn't exist right now if it
 weren't you know what
 i mean

that most people don't [get to]
 see it

well i think maybe we need to
 change what we define as po-
 etry

but i really want to pet it
 sweet face little angel

and i am not driving i am
 not driving

iced hot chocolate t h a t ' s
 literally chocolate milk over ice
 that's disgusting

thank goodness i think
 people take advantage of it
 honestly

why are you bringing a peacock
 on a plane

what are some of the other
 questions because there
 was like several

there's nothing harder to raise
 money for than poetry

and then the other line was

how do you justify that [de-
 fending poetry]

what is dripping is it just
 like plopping out

you know if you put the lid on
 the crease sometimes it leaks

it'll be better if i stop shaking

ever since i got a life proof case
i haven't had any problems

it's this weird group of people
who speak the same language
yeah ok i like that

do you think we owe it to people
to translate our language
no
because for me doing so would
compromise what i'm doing

well dumb down is kind of an
aggressive i didn't mean
that

i see the value in trying to
bring poetry to more people
but because if you get down
to it you're not writing poetry
for anyone else you're writing
it for yourself so why
compromise what you need to
make it more palatable

but poetry does walk that line
between art and something else

i think that was what will and
stacy were talking about i zoned
out during that academic bit

when we get back inside we
should try to listen to it

hi how much time do we
have seven to ten minutes

i can stop it and we can listen

PART 3

DAILY LIFE

so I'm check out these costs
it all sounded something
wrong that's the problem
recovery survive usually it's
basically Sunnyvale is dry
and there's not real tears now
real text no so they've been
dating building flight control
systems and I asked him why
he so we got six years ago we
got six years ago so tell me it
is because you can't take it
out but when you have a
simple so it's not a rush we
had you don't ask we as you
don't ask

DAILY LIFE

this is Hughes besides there's
no American products so
they can get away with
selling I started looking at
the fine line still your own
drums what is it I was sick
and there's better stuff out
there just for now I did any
of the effort so I need to talk
to David drunk obviously
I'm not sure how this yes
yeah that's what mom said
he is very expensive it's the
drone is that wrong but the
water borrowed one

DAILY LIFE

so I visit a bracket to attach
it to attach our line art
everyone is clear around the
cemetery but he's like I don't
want country it's probably
not a good idea for work
because it is heavier than the
dress for stealing

DAILY LIFE

Chris knows about that but he's not ready yes told him I don't think this is for the truck and wanted me to say forget I'll just pay for less circles obviously locked out of finance cemetery things because we have to drive it places Chris said I don't think it's worth the reason why this particular line so we can scam so we use it but the real value comes yeah this thing is not what you say with her

DAILY LIFE

structure expenses there is
survive where you are
anywhere a day maybe here
and asked to be relatively
simple to rain and it's
mushroom jobs like that for
us

DAILY LIFE

the thing was they get
watered it is difficult to rain
yeah so well the biggest one
is part of the interior which
is Cinderella bureaucracy

DAILY LIFE

use straws so we use the little
and how much work we do
for those people direct
directly but Chris says too
much rest you know the
straw for which this thing
can't do you safe

DAILY LIFE

so he is nowhere for him I
think you said because they
suck we have available Jesus

DAILY LIFE

found some of the mess give
me the company calls from
Yoncha asking but the real
issue lies with friend
hardware that's all songs first

DAILY LIFE

and what's even worse is his
so the drone has a sister
which is the rain is on
Process already trying to say
I'm not trying to yes twice I
know there's a verse that says
our really believe dies the
way I talk John yourself into
a cello is the night

PART 4

TRANSACTIONS

43

JANUARY 2019

Date	Category	Description	Amount
1/1/19	autozone	(minus the Jesus)	\$485.17
1/4/19	food	throw my energy against	\$95.34
1/7/19	walmart	we have no basic feet	\$215.97
1/7/19	food	I need to hear costco out loud	\$44.98
1/7/19	food	pulled dead leaves from spider plant	\$9.99
1/9/19	heat	goals for today so I can feel less	\$41.02
1/11/19	other	but you call them yours anyway	\$18.39
1/12/19	food	I am afraid of the rabbit hole	\$23.99
1/13/19	food	mold growing on the outside of a	\$49.51
1/13/19	home depot	pot even though just bleached	\$24.90
1/15/19	entertainment	almost too easily	\$50.95
1/16/19	hygiene	basil is wilting I watered it yesterday	\$30.08
1/21/19	utilities	dropping the eye did the trick	\$41.53
1/21/19	food	those rocks don't belong to lowe's	\$112.45
1/27/19	home	can fingernails turn blue from some	\$48.24
1/27/19	personal item	fuzzy skinned succulent	\$50.48
1/27/19	other	thing other than the cold I need to no	\$11.71
1/29/19	food	right now, resistant	\$58.52
1/29/19	home	urgently & this weight	\$9.99
1/31/19	how far	in are we	\$10.99

anatomy of breath

who knew emotions were exhausting. “you have a dead person’s wish. your ticket to life includes feeling the bad things.” you don’t get to have only one. I get it. I don’t get it. all the sherlock holmes waterfalls can’t tap out on this. not the right phrase. curlicue pants what I mean to say is pajamas but who’s still in their pajamas at five pm would it be better if I told you I already went to work today and then worked much harder at a therapist’s office. offices are weird spaces. how informal, that’s not right, how impersonal can a space be. $\frac{1}{3}$ asleep, $\frac{1}{3}$ at work. that leaves very little for all the things we call real. one page, one hour. what do we measure success by because it doesn’t seem to be working. work. yarn. yoke. I’m knitting a placemat in brown and off-white and I’m wondering if it looks ugly. if I care if it looks ugly. if someone will. is that acceptable? who determines these things. formatting. document margins. watering can starting upright and I thought my tomato was dying but apparently it’s just ripening. and I guess those two things are basically synonymous anyway. Do we like to eat dying things or dead things, probably depends on the person. what the world changes when we stand on our heads. I don’t trust my ability to stay that way. straight upside down is not the same as straight rightsized up. cardboard tray of oranges. am I accomplishing anything in life what did she say oh yes we overestimate what we can accomplish in one day and underestimate what we can accomplish in a lifetime. never truer. I think her name is Sadia and I’m not sure I’ve ever heard a more beautiful name. except maybe Aya but I don’t think I can have either. why do we want to possess beautiful things. [existential, troped up question]. can I write honestly? more, can I share honestly? not sure what sharing means, really. waiting anxiously until someone hands you back your things? probably not what they’re going for. if snacks have been taken from you it’s difficult to want to share in the present. what happened to us as children? wrap me up in yarn cocoon and roll me down the street. we live too close to a fire station so we always know what urgency sounds like, where the emergencies are headed. what happens when an emergency arrives in our living room. which placemats would he prefer, I have several. pillow stacked on top of awfully [autocorrect: artfully] arranged blanket to illude [look up illude; literary, object] what things we arrange and how. turns out there’s thoughts happening in here underneath all this mess. what’s a series ultimately end in. penultimately. anti-penultimate. anything before that? repeat repeat. you have a dead person’s wish doesn’t sound exactly right. I’m not sure a dead person would wish to be more dead. you want what a dead person has, no more bad feelings [unless hell is a thing for you but that left me when I was thirteen]. that seems more accurate. piece of fuzz stuck next to my to-do list, plants section. if we pour out enough into something else will we reincarnate into that? I worry about us worriers. caregivers. no I don’t that’s a lie and manipulates you into thinking I’m annoying. I want to cut all of that out. are we Jane the Virgin? not sure what happens if you replace every pronoun with we but it feels worth a shot. shot being the easy task you hold up to your cheek to kill something with. or to try, at least. parts of the body fascinate me even though we’re terrified. is dust really all just my skin? stop first person she’s getting away! canning jar lid tucked under the coffee table and its match topless in the pantry. how many things did we learn between grafting the pothos and now. no body’s grafting any body. can I embroider on you? now switch. if that’s not a poem I don’t think I can write one today.

45
THERE IS GOOD

Wet-peels skin collects
between teeth
fruit-red and tugging.

EVIDENCE OF

The picnic table and your hands
drying juice pools
between knuckles shaped
like mine and you scrubbing.

Afternoon
soaked-stuck
open.

GENETIC CON-

Your face overripe fruit rolled out
a window breath pulled thin.
You ate before cleaning.

T R I B U T I O N

TO OCD's

Finger-stiff with
washing collect
the fruit by stem
my one
small bite leaking.

E T I O L O G Y

Highway

chilled throated walls
 of sound
 leaning in

pink gaping
 here always voiding

one drop of motor oil left sliding
 down the outside of a bottle

 how can a solitary body how can
 a single cheek or tongue

buckle around the edges
 unbuttoned jeans the folds
 of trees the unhinged

corner of a lip
 a night made emptier still

 the long one of the body
 the cool teeth the rumbled

loop of passage
 and still *the same night whitens*

the same trees
 three little lights
 the reflection of two

eyes and the absence of
 another's and some things want
 to stop bitten fingernails elastic dark

the nights peeled fruit strung out
 behind taillights miniature husks of pulp
 shriveled thick

 hardened pushing
 twined

⁴⁷
HYPOTHETICAL-
LY, PRIMITIVE
CLEANING AND
CHECKING BE-
HAVIORS ARE
“HARD-WIRED” IN
THE THALAMUS

Manifesto

I am against editing to preserve the moment
of experience, to resist palatalization

I am writing my way down to the voice
that's just me without any of the pieces that
have been stitched on

Form is the most expedient path to
disruption. If I am forced outside then
maybe I will be able to discard trained
behaviors. This is not often the case.

But my trained self says I cannot smell like
myself and I put it on anyway.

Prageeta says if it starts to feel too anything,
critique it. I don't know how to walk the
line.

Is mother an identity if you don't have
children?

I'm not sure I want my brain to be
fascinating, othered.

I'm not getting anywhere internal. Meg's
scheduled her licensing exam for the 3rd.

Writing out of the elbow joint of
domesticity. I chose elbow because the pieces
can be perpendicular or straight and usually
we get to

I'll surely fail this.

What matrixes of space am I allowed to take
up.

Do you know that each time I apply for a
job under *examples of disability* I see my
name,

But I have the luxury of choice.

I am too well trained and disobedience
freaks me out.

I can't tell which are mine and which aren't.

For example, I try not to wear deodorant
after I shower or shave because I *know* the
aluminum is made to get inside me.

I have to believe this is a worthwhile practice
because I don't know if I have an identity
outside of this.

Joanna said my brain is fascinating and I'm
not sure if she meant that as a compliment
or a kindness, a rub.

What does a license for the internal human
body mean. What are the chances that the
doctor is male.

decide which but if we choose wrong our
hands end up in the wrong place entirely.

A faulty analogy.

I think I'm growing plants because I'm not
currently growing a baby.

What juncture does our biology have in this.

Maybe this needs two versions to comply
with the rules I've set out for myself. Does
domesticity preclude rebellion?

the one that follows me. And now I choose
between truth, *I'd rather not say*, and *no*.

I don't say that so you know that I know
what privilege is.

This is melodramatic and I don't want to
female

My manifesto is writing my way out of and
into female. This is nice work because I get
to choose.

Put it all in and then edit it back out. That's
a process. Much less painful than the other
process.

Joanna said I should stop writing in form so
she can hear my voice.

Radical self acceptance in poetics as a
hopeful gesture/pressure/act/practice to
encourage that growth

And the magical thing is we do, sometimes.

Can my manifesto be more unsure?

Fallible logic.

Does self experimentation count as
renovation or exploration. This lie

How best to avoid the simple life of
reproduction and then, some short while
later, death.

Nothing fancy, rewriting the self.

I say that because it would be abusive of me
not to.
but I'm sorry.

Redefining where the boundaries are.

But you knew that already.

Arrival: death process.

I'm not sure whether to believe her or not.

elsewhere

We're all out here assuming we can make
something beautiful, powerful, unique
enough to be worth space and time.

And the rest of the time we still have to
believe it or we'll stop (like any sensible,
practical, boring person would).

It can be whatever it is, since it's mine.

Straw man. Dead man. Plant man. Ants.

that if you can renovate you'll feel better. A
beautiful house is your best shot at
happiness.

Poetry? That's all I've got for now.

Cultivation (mostly pruning) in the hopes

SOMETIMES THE

It evades me

the slips jagged my belly up
the muscles my elbow URGE WILL BE

under the creases
of my neck

a round push it my body will leak
TOO straight through me STRONG

fold
of my

stomach

the enamel
AND of my inside YOU wrist bone inches up WILL
through

scrape it from my scalp
PERFORM between THE
my fingers pulsing

COMPULSION

38576

My brain is burning my brain autocorrected boring to burning autocorrect zoe missing how can I do this without it being embarrassing My sit-bones are pressed unequally into the carpet and most days I don't wonder about the sky or the tufts of carpet being pushed back and finding something underneath I just put the sky in there because I didn't want to say carpet yet If I follow the stream I'd end up with no words at all Justify What a curious landing for a word how wrapped in cord are we I mean us I mean what does ten years do to love that isn't bleeding out like everyone expected it to Don't get tangential what's really at stake here is my lack of desk and overwhelming majority of toxic cleaning products really just Windex and Lysol wipes but I watched a video last night and it didn't overwhelm me about how you're cleaning your house wrong and I don't want to think about it now but some days I'm ok And then the blanket on the floor and what's in my field of vision do you know that I can constantly see an uncomfortably close reflection of my eyes in my glasses if the sun's shining in It autocorrected to thinking but sun thinking in is better I should have left it why am I always doing the wrong thing I wouldn't want to live with my brain Bubbles in the keyboard protector Shame What I mean when I say I think I love myself is I'm pretty sure I don't hate myself and that seems pretty close I don't mean to dredge anything but my brain feels tangled and the air isn't unwinding the way it's supposed to Me Hunger When I turn to look at my thoughts they go dead What is thought Don't get existential no one cares about that Cooking life I didn't burn those peppers You piled burnt soup on top of burnt soup and I just cleaned that burner it's your turn now I'll have to wait a week for you to do it though am I too patient in life or just afraid of conflict Conflict No What tremor I can see literally every dimple of skin underneath my eye and I don't like how shiny how pocketed it looks Skin is not pretty when it's pressed against your glass eye like this Glass eye translates to Mad-Eye Moody because we're going to see Fantastic Beasts tomorrow and I'm in love with popcorn enough to be the highlight of my cheek That's not a typo How does one continue to crave babies and also write poetry I don't know how to be female in this world What does my biology have to do with this except everything collapses one way or another and I don't know what nihilist means but I have a suspicion about carpet mugs or cases or whatever those men used to carry with them into the mines That's not a real thing it's just the string my brain followed into all the light we cannot see I bought a basket Weeks ago but that was the last time I felt like my paycheck could go towards anything but food and I'm not complaining because we do get good groceries but sometimes I wish I had gotten some kind of funding I really really don't want to think about that right now Inadequacy at anger at street intersections of want and happenings What shit is this How many sentences make up a person[ality] I can't stop till I don't have closure which means I'll type a number and that's it 38576 $38/5=7.6$ ok that's weird I just typed them and look what happened in

FAMILY

ACCO-

sli de up my ar m under
my na ilbeds i n my hair

MODATION re aching
my ears slide up m y arm under
my nostrils my nail beds i my h air

down my throat
quick pour my ear s
concrete m y nos trils

HAVIORS:

I.E.

they stick
to m e burrow

in my mou th like moth
wings thei r smell
spo ring like those t icks
to me burrow

YOU WAS IT YOUR
them in my bloodstream bumping along with their nausea with that
a even in my bloodstream bumping
along with their nausea with thisickness smell chemical way that I can't protect gain what
mean to says it the silence that press it against their thick ness smell chemical way that I can't protect
along with their nausea with thisickness smell chemical way that I can't almost feel

your soap stalls

breathing— cannot erase

HANDS

if the only way

WHEN-

better

is through

EVER

you're winding

m e

I

breathing strikes 6

1	air	is	turns	8	burnt	& light	smell	between
5	skin	crusts	thumping	hooked	6	tiptoe	blue	edges
4	unwraps	white	My	damp	dark- thickened	2	alight	9
soft	of	thread	shell	7	1	fingers	yawn	heavy
breathing	strikes	6	5	glass	3	of	wet	4
hips	pecans	rolling	unfurling	my	chars	stone	2	lamps
6	with	8	open	& grass	night	7	splits	sound
growing	cups	5	edges	darkness	selkie	night	unclamps	3
of	purple	3	air	9	of	Night	nicked	5

PART 5

[HELMSMAN] [JAM]

if you'd like [exclamation]
[verb] [adjective], a copper pot
is ideal

a flat, wide dinner [pronoun]
[verb] [adverb] [verb]
[pronoun] [verb] [pronoun]
can also be used

hold your [pronoun] [verb]
[adjective] [preposition]
[possessive determiner] [noun]

most will indicate such
[pronoun] [verb] [pronoun]
[preposition] [noun]

[CUT OFF?] [preposition]
[determiner] [noun] because
they never break down; don't
contain enough natural pectin

[conjunction] [determiner]
[adjective] [noun]
[preposition] [preposition]
[noun]

large, inedible, hard-to-remove
seeds [pronoun] [verb]
[adjective]

It should always be firm
enough to spread and soft
enough to spoon

[pronoun] [verb] [preposition]
[noun] with larger, thicker
pieces of softened rind
throughout

[pronoun] [verb] [possessive
determiner] [noun]

Resist the urge to use fruit: it
might seem like an appealing
choice

[pronoun] [verb] [noun]
becoming as spreadable as it
wants to be

[pronoun] [verb] [preposition]
[noun]

(This is about the fruit,
remember?)

[preposition] [noun]
[conjunction] [noun] [noun]
more mouth-puckering than
expected

[pronoun] [verb] [noun]
[conjunction] [adjective]
[noun]

avoid anything that might be
too assertive, have an
unpleasant toothsome

[preposition] [possessive
determiner] [noun] [pronoun]
[verb]

bean, split, seeds scraped with
sugar

[conjunction] [determiner]
[noun] [verb] [adverb]

Stay alert here: You want that
perfect texture

[pronoun] [verb] [possessive
determiner] [noun]
[preposition] [adverb] [verb]
[noun]

The edges of the pot are most
susceptible

[conjunction] [adjective]
[noun] [conjunction] [noun]

It's made up of impurities
rising to the top and should be
skimmed [pronoun] [verb]
[pronoun] [verb]

you'll want to test it for
doneness

[pronoun] [verb] [noun]
[preposition] [noun]

No fool mill or masher
[pronoun] [verb] [adjective]
[noun]

In the event you don't own a
proper canning bath

[pronoun] [verb] [possessive
determiner] [noun] prevent
any cracks that can occur from
the hot jam hitting a cold jar

[preposition] [noun]
[conjunction] [noun]

no need to wash the lids

[conjunction] [noun]
[conjunction] [noun] [verb]
[pronoun]

their rubber seal is too delicate

[conjunction] [determiner]
[noun] [preposition]
[determiner] [noun]
[preposition] [determiner]
[noun]

but those methods are not
approved by the U.S.D.A.

[conjunction] [determiner]
[noun] [preposition] [noun]
[conjunction] [noun]

Here, it's better to go under
than over [conjunction]
[determiner] [adjective]
[noun] [verb] [noun]
[preposition] [noun]

Also, it's unlikely
[conjunction] [noun]
[preposition] [noun]

Purists may argue differently

[conjunction] [noun]
[preposition] [noun]

(here, blackberries)

[conjunction] [determiner]
[noun] [preposition]
[pronoun]

It's also important to manage
expectations [pronoun] [verb]
[preposition] [determiner]
[noun]

Keep in mind that jam will be
sweetest when it's hot

[noun] [noun] kilograms
hulled and quartered

[noun] [preposition]
[determiner] [adjective]
[noun]

(optional, see note) [verb]
[adjective] [verb]

Place a small plate in the refrigerator

[pronoun] [verb] [verb]
[preposition] [determiner]
[noun]

(You'll use this later)

[determiner] [noun]
[preposition] [adjective]
[noun]

are likely to retain more of
their shape, while
[preposition] [determiner]
[adjective] [noun] will break
down almost entirely

[pronoun] [verb] [determiner]
[pronoun]

Drag your finger through it: It
should hold its shape on either
side [conjunction] [adverb]
[possessive determiner] [noun]
[verb] [verb] [verb]

Leave ¼-inch head space and
seal immediately [verb] [verb]
[verb] [adverb]

To elevate your [exclamation]
[verb] [adjective], consider the
following add-ins: [pronoun]
[verb] [adverb] [verb]
[pronoun] [verb] [pronoun]

(do not use heirloom)

We've read your notes
[determiner] [noun]

crush them with a potato
masher or, alternatively, your
hands [verb] [verb]

Today's the kind of day where everything feels a little squished and I'm not sure how to unwrap it. Not sure I understand the layers, today. I'm trying not to touch my hair and this hairband is making purpled indents in my skin. Other layers: potholders, gloves, furniture pads. All to keep outside from touching in, heat from skin...

Dawn is filmed and doubled
back. Light pulled thin. Water
tastes more like sweat than sweet.

Our curtains are pooling and I hope they won't collect too much dust. Domesticity isn't really our thing after all. Three weeks in and our carpet is still rolled up in a corner, dishwasher loaded but un-run, counters sticky with the residue of egg—floors, too. I think you only wash rugs once, so I'm saving that for later.

Dry, just out of reach, smoky.
Restless thighs, scratched
floors, tangled blankets.

Before, a bike lock banging against the tire as I ride home, feet on the pedals, white tennis shoes turned grey with use, hands slick and slightly blackened by holding the rubber handlebars (should I mention it is/was my mother's bike?) armpits, back, stomach damp.

It's so hard when (my
hair) feels like unstuck
juice puddles and morning
dust on a balcony.

Today I'm slightly tightened with dried sweat. I walked around shirtless for a while because the air at home felt thick and un-swallow-able and that helped me feel like I could breathe. It's nice, to feel the empty pressed right up against me.

Trains rumbling through—
their rocking, clang-y sound.
Pink light slatted through
blinds, tumbling full-bellied.

A discarded shirt, still warm and smelling of soap. Laying on the floor, back flat. I wonder if this is fever dream living yet—wrapped in pink light like lovers' gentle bites and elastic held around the middle.

Angular, knitted, creased.
Dark stained window molding and
the way hands hold paper
—all the things (you) left behind.